

For zillions of births we have been tunneling through the world searching for the diamond of love. Now we have found an uncut diamond and can perceive it's true nature within, however, cemented to it's surface is the stone of mundane sensibilities.

With small strokes we are all chipping away at the uncut diamond, removing the grit and grime and perceiving it's effulgence. Next we are shaping it and qualifying it for it's rightful stature. Finally it is faceted, giving it many reflective planes which glimmer and dazzle and enchant.